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*The*

HONEST THIEVES.

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# THE HONEST THIEVES;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY T. KNIGHT.



Act II. Scene 3.

## CHARACTERS.

COLONEL CARELESS  
CAPTAIN MANLY  
JUSTICE DAY

MR. STORY  
ABEL  
OBADIAH

TEAGUE  
BAILIFFS  
SERVANTS, &c.

RUTH  
ARABELLA  
MRS. DAY

### ACT I. SCENE I.—An Inn-door.

MRS. DAY.—(Without.)

Mrs. Day. Let the porter carry our bundles down to Mr. Day's house.

Enter MRS. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, CAPTAIN MANLY, and Coachman.

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis; 'tis a sad thing for people of the better sort, who are us'd to travel in a different style, to put up with a filthy stage-coach. I believe our places are paid for, coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am; paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well; something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella! what, sad? By my faith, you need not; say, I told you so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you have been absent; and his honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, and justice of the peace, was quite impatient till we should fetch you home again. I know you'll like our son Abel; he's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! (Aside.)

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. (Seeing Manly.) How is it with you, sir? Weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire. (Aside.) Yes, ma'am; so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.

Mrs. D. Oh! you are come. Didn't you think it fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon; I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, delay'd me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obeyed.

What, you are rejoiced at the return of one I have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire, been thinking more about somebody than I'll speak of.

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now endeavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's formalities, shew 'em your breeding, boy, and let 'em see you are as well taught as fed. (Apart.) [private.

Abel. If you please, I would speak a word in Arab. (To Ruth.) That poor gentleman seems heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue.

Ruth. Indeed, he looks fatigued. [honest.

Arab. I like him much; he seems plain and

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience; but to please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, pr'ythee, don't; I'll think us rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass. I hope you are better after your journey, sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, perhaps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This young spawn is as bad as the old pike. (Aside.)

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet. [happiness.

Arab. Pr'ythee, peace! Sir, we wish you all

Man. Ma'am, I thank you. I like her well; but I hope she'll say no more, lest she should spoil my good opinion. (Aside.)

Mrs. D. (Advancing.) Come, Arabella: 'tis as I told you; Abel has it. Say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel: faith, she may venture to take you for better for worse; lead her long. Fare you well, sir. (To Manly.) Oh, Abel's a notable fellow.

[Exit. Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah, Ruth.

Man. There's something very interesting about that girl. Well; here I am in the ancient city of Gloucester, quartered for at least six months, if my creditors don't hunt me out of it. As our troop came some days since, private lodgings, I suppose, are scarce. (Going.)



*Enter COLONEL CARELESS and STORY.*

*Care.* Dear Manly, welcome to Gloucester.

*Man.* Dear Colonel, I did not think to have met you so suddenly. Ah! my old friend, Lieutenant Story, your servant.

*Story.* Your friend still, captain; but no longer a lieutenant. I have quitted the service some time; I am married, and settled here; and, faith, as

*Man.* I am glad of it. [times go, well to do.

*Care.* I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you? (*Apart*)

*Man.* They threaten'd us with the law; but I dare say a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

*Care.* And in that time we may get relief, by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

*Man.* Just now; came in a stage-coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen: there was a justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother; their names are Day. There was another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; and she, it seems, is intended for the justice's eldest son; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawling clerk: two such formal, awkward rascals, you never saw; ha, ha!

*Story.* The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems, designs her for this his first-born booby.

*Care.* Why, what a dull dog wert thou, Manly, not to make love, and rescue her. Hey! whom have we here?

*Enter TEAGUE, wrapt up in a blanket.*

Who art thou, pray?

*Tea.* A poor Irishman, heaven save me, and save all your three faces! Give me a thirteen.

*Care.* Thou wilt not lose anything for want of

*Tea.* Faith, I can't afford it. [asking.

*Care.* Well, there's sixpence for thy confidence.

*Tea.* By my troth 'tis too little, make it a thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

*Man.* How long hast thou been in England?

*Tea.* Ever since I came here, and longer too.

*Care.* What's thy business?

*Tea.* I have no business at all, at all; I'm a gentleman at large, and that's all I have done since I left

*Care.* Why did'st leave him? [my master.

*Tea.* Because he died one day.

*Care.* Then it seems he left thee?

*Tea.* Yes, indeed, he left poor Teague; but he never serv'd me so before in all his life.

*Care.* Pr'ythee, who was thy master?

*Tea.* Sure, he was the good Colonel Danger. (*With affection.*) [friend.

*Care.* Colonel Danger! He was my dear and noble

*Tea.* Yes, that he was; and poor Teague's too.

*Care.* Where did he die?

*Tea.* He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

*Care.* And what dost thou mean to do?

*Tea.* I would get a good master, if a good master would get me. I can't tell what to do else; I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland. I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'other house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the planters what good luck is for man; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland; and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

*Care.* Poor fellow, I pity him; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what would'st thou say, if I should take thee.

*Tea.* I'd say you could not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

*Care.* Thy master was my dear friend; wert thou with him when he died?

*Tea.* Upon my soul and I was, and I howl'd over him after; and I ask'd him why he would die and leave poor Teague? But the devil a word he answered; and, in faith, I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my master was ill, we sold our clothes to buy physick and other things to comfort his stomach; but och! he paid me again, for when he died, he left me all that he had in the world.

*Care.* Did he leave thee all that he had?

*Tea.* Faith, and he did: he left me his love and his friendship, and that was his all; and then I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in which many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm; and it does not fit me the worse for that; and in this dress I turned out for my journey, without any victuals at all besides a little snuff.

*Care.* Well, well, serve and love me, as thou did'st thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

*Tea.* Faith, and I will. Och! be such another master to poor Teague, and sure I'd serve you to the world's end, whether I would or no. (*To himself.*) I'm hir'd!

*Care.* Now then to business; we must visit these ladies you speak of, Manly. Story, do you know the family?

*Story.* I know them by name; but Day would as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier; but come to my house, where, if you please, you

*Tea.* I'm hir'd! (*Aside.*) [may both lodge.

*Care.* Courage, noble captain! Who knows but we may make our fortunes here in our new quarters, as well as Story.

*Man.* And should we not, 'tis but living on Teague's cheap diet of snuff.

*Tea.* And of that you shall have your belly full.

*Care.* Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle, (in lavender if thou wilt,) and mount the family livery; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world. (*With rapture.*)

*Tea.* Ay, for old Ireland, master! Och! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

*Care.* Hast thou got an estate there?

*Tea.* Indeed and I have; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for nothing, you'd scarce make your money of it.

*Care. and Man.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Day's House.*

*Enter MR. and MRS. DAY.*

*Mr. D.* Welcome, welcome, sweet duck; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth: if we can but make sure of this heiress, Arabella, for our son Abel—

*Mrs. D.* If we can; what, you are at your ifs again? If I didn't rouse and support you, you would start at your own shadow.

*Mr. D.* I profess, duck, thou say'st true; I should never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

*Mrs. D.* In that, too, you were at your ifs; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter. [counsel, duck.

*Mr. D.* Truly, I am much indebted to thy

*Mrs. D.* Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth, they sometimes call me the justice. Well, then, Arabella must be Abel's wife out of hand; in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also. [as he is—

*Mr. D.* Od, if I were as young and as comely

*Mrs. D.* You'd do wonders, to be sure; but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word to Arabella. Here she comes.



*Enter RUTH.*

*Mr. D.* Ruth! It is my wife's desire—

*Mrs. D.* Well, if it be your wife's desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose. My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella; now the boy is not forward enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate himself, and put on little winning and deluding ways: use thy power, wench, and you sha'n't repent it.

*Ruth.* Ma'am, I shall be happy to do my best.

*Mrs. D.* Go call Abel, my good girl.

*Ruth.* I'll instruct him, and finely. [*Aside, & Exit.*]

*Mrs. D.* By this, husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune. We must lose no time. I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella: there is a new troop too come to town; they are dangerous men. Sure, I know what officers are.

*Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL.*

*Mr. D.* Son Abel, do you hear?

*Mrs. D.* Do hold your peace, and give me leave. I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you.

*Abel.* Why, truly, I think so too; but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

*Mrs. D.* All in good time; Ruth, here, will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself. Ah! boy, hadst thou thy mother's head. Well, what can't be, can't be; pray, observe your

*Mr. D.* Be sure, boy— [*sister's directions.*]

*Mrs. D.* Who bid you speak? Surely, I have told him myself; so, get about your business.

[*Exit, pushing out Mr. Day.*]

*Ruth.* Now, then, brother Abel.

*Abel.* Now, then, sister Ruth. [*Advances.*]

*Ruth.* Have you a month's mind to this young lady?

*Abel.* I have not lov'd her more than a week yet.

*Ruth.* Oh! I beg your pardon: but to begin; you must alter your posture: there, hold up your head as it becomes your dignity, and turn out your toes; they seem to have a great affection for each other; they don't like to part. Your hands thus: one in your bosom, t'other a kimbo, to denote your consequence. [*step?*]

*Abel.* Must I walk trippingly, or with a grave

*Ruth.* Oh! gravely, by all means, like a true lover. Let's see. [*He walks.*] Vastly well. Suppose, now, I were your mistress, and met you by accident; then you must start to one side, like a frighten'd horse; [*she starts*] and declare that you did not see her before, because you were so rapt up in love. Now then.

*Abel.* Ay, but I don't know what to say.

*Ruth.* Begin thus: "Pardon, madam, the delightful reverie of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you;" dropping on your knee. [*Kneeling.*]

*Abel.* I fear I shall forget the words.

*Ruth.* Well, try once.

*Abel.* "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighting love, in which [*Ruth prompts him thus far*] I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee."

*Ruth.* Ha, ha, ha! better than I expected. [*Aside.*] Oh, you're perfect; then she'll answer—"I suppose, sir, your enquiring mind was sunk so deep into the profounds of cogitation, that, like other wise men, you needed a friend to help you out." Now, your reply.

*Abel.* No, indeed, I want no help at all.

*Ruth.* Oh fie, man! you must confess you need help, and ask her for her hand.

*Abel.* Ay, that brings it to the point.

*Ruth.* To be sure it does; besides, Arabella will never die for love of you, [*engaging as you are*] if you are not gallant.

*Abel.* Why, yes, I am engaging; and I can be gallant, if that be all.

*Ruth.* No doubt; now go seek your mistress, and remember your lesson; keep your position, and the town's your own. [*Arabella.*]

*Abel.* Nay, I care not for the town, if I can get [*Exit, repeating the speech.*]

*Ruth.* I could burst with laughing: what an ass it is; ha, ha, ha!

*Enter ARABELLA.*

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, and met my booby brother Abel.

*Arab.* Why?

*Ruth.* He's seeking you to make love. Oh! you'll be rarely courted.

*Arab.* Nay, Ruth, 'twere well enough for me to mock them; but consider, Mr. and Mrs. Day are your parents.

*Ruth.* That I deny; wonder not, I begin thus freely to invite your confidence. 'Tis enough to tell you now, that I know Sir Basil Thoroughgood was my father; and at two years old, (the time my father died) this canting Day, then sole trustee, caught me and my estates. Hereafter you shall know all; 'twere time we both look'd to our own affairs, Arabella.

*Arab.* Then let us love and assist each other.—Would they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

*Ruth.* No doubt; but we'll find those ere long shall see us righted. Oh! here's another of the goodly flock. Step aside now. [*Arabella retires.*]

*Enter OBADIAH.*

*Ob.* Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am; for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

*Ruth.* Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

*Ob.* Truly, I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparklers always revive me. [*She laughs.*] Ah! thou art skittish and profane—Odso, I must hasten on business for his worship;—when I look on thee, Satan is busy within me—Oh! [*Checking his rapture.*] but I will smite and keep the rebel down. [*Exit.*]

*Ruth.* [*Arabella advances.*] There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pastime: remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns!—for the joke's sake walk towards him;—I'll not leave you. [*Retires.*]

*Enter ABEL, as not seeing Arabella; they walk toward each other, and Abel starts, as Ruth taught him.*

*Arab.* Hey! what's the meaning of this?

*Abel.* "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapped up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee." [*Kneels.*]

*Arab.* Surely he's mad! [*Aside.*]

*Abel.* Now you should speak, forsooth.

*Arab.* What should I say, forsooth?

*Abel.* Just what you please, forsooth.

*Arab.* This is Ruth's instruction. [*Aside.*] Pardon me, sir, but I did not see you.

*Abel.* No, 'tis I that was not to see you, and then you are to answer. [*Rises, and goes to her.*]

*Arab.* Well, what should I answer?

*Abel.* Something about me, and other wise men and cogitations, and then you take my hand, and help me out.

*Enter MRS. DAY.*

*Mrs. D.* Why, how now, son Abel! got so close to Miss Arabella! Oh! then, I smell a rat—nay, look you, Ruth. [*Ruth advances.*] See how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes—there—he looks a thousand darts at once! Ruth, how has he behaved, ha? [*Apart to Ruth.*]

*Ruth.* Oh! beyond expectation—He'll need but little teaching. Humour his mother. [*Aside to Ara.*]



*Mrs. D.* I thought thou would'st turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel; take her by the hand, and lead her in;—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* COLONEL CARELESS, CAPT. MANLY, and STORY.

*Care.* Ha, ha, ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught: if I know the signs of love, Captain, thou art caught.

*Story.* And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

*Man.* Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

*Care.* What! a soldier, and not love a siege!—Would'st have the women court thee? Pr'ythee tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

*Story.* Yes, if the old folks please; I believe she has little independent; and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but if I mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctity a cloak to avarice.

*Care.* Say you so? then I'll send her a billet-doux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

*Enter* TEAGUE, dressed.

*Tea.* Sure I'm here, master.

*Care.* Oh! very well, I want you: you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

*Story.* Not I: 'twould degrade their dignity to admit a poor lieutenant.

*Care.* I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family?

*Man.* Oh! commander-in-chief—I'll be sworn.

*Story.* Why I believe the "grey mare is the better horse."

*Tea.* And that's foolish!—(*Col. checks him.*) Oh! that's very foolish!—When I'm married, I'll take care "the grey horse shall be the better mare."

*Story.* Ha, ha, ha! you must know this Mrs. Day was formerly kitchen-maid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gillian; but now "she rules the roast" in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

*Care.* I'll send Teague to her advanced honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her ladyship.

*Man.* Teague will mistake, my life on't.

*Tea.* Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchen-maid.—Where must I go now to mistake the kitchen-maid?

*Story.* As I live, Colonel, here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire. (*Retires.*)

*Care.* Manly, you'll introduce me.

*Enter* ARABELLA and RUTH; TEAGUE stands by his master, and makes his bow, &c.

*Man.* Fair ladies, your most obedient. My friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex. (*Manly retires with Arabella.*)

*Ruth.* (*Curtsy.*) Indeed, Colonel, are you such

*Care.* As what, ma'am? [*a military prodigy?*]

*Ruth.* A true lover.

*Care.* When I look at you, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. (*Bows.*)

*Tea.* Sure an Irishman could not have said it better! (*To himself.*)

*Ruth.* Oh! dear sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare ye well. (*Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.*)

*Care.* Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours. Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

*Ruth.* Probably she has found more attraction.

*Care.* I would you had found the same!

*Ruth.* Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family and fortune, Colonel?

*Care.* Oh! oh! then I see how it is. (*Aside.*) Of good family, madam—little fortune, except in

debts, considerable expectations, and in the road to preferment: much in the same predicament stands your humble servant—Then shall I be your friend?

*Ruth.* Why, to say truth, Colonel, we, each of us, never stood more in need of a friend in all—O lud! what am I about to say?—Arabella, come along, or I shall be in as bad a plight as yourself. (*Runs away, Col. stops her.*)

*Care.* Shall I swear I love you.

*Tea.* No, don't:—take time to consider first. (*Aside to Col.*)

*Ruth.* Don't swear; if you would have me believe it, shew it by deeds not oaths.—In short, Colonel, if you are what you seem, I may, perhaps—

*Care.* What, my angel?

*Ruth.* Wish you were another man;—my friend is taking leave.

*Care.* When shall I see you again? [*well.*—

*Ruth.* Perhaps our friends have settled that: fare—

*Arab.* Sir, I have trusted you as a man of honour.

*Man.* Madam, you shall not repent it. Adieu!

[*Exit Arab. and Ruth.*]

*Care.* Manly, has she appointed another interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her? (*Eagerly*)

*Man.* Upon my soul I forgot that.

*Care.* Oh! the devil! Do they both live together?

*Man.* Yes, Colonel.

*Care.* And in Day's house?

*Man.* Certainly.

*Care.* Teague! (*Story advances and talks to Manly.*) [*your elbow.*]

*Tea.* You need not call Teague: sure he's at

*Care.* I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day. [*father?*]

*Tea.* To the lady that was kitchen-maid to her

*Care.* Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—"your ladyship"—and "your honour"—for example, say—

"My master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your ladyship?" (*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*) Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

*Tea.* Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies. (*Bows.*)—But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchen-maid?

*Care.* Why, what then?

*Tea.* Upon my shoul, then, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

*Care.* Phoo! phoo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

*Tea.* I must not think of a kettle, then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or anything that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen. [*us all.*]

*Care.* Not for a thousand pounds; 'twould undo

*Tea.* Well, then; that my mouth maynt be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm speaking.

*Care.* You'll find me at the inn.

*Tea.* (*Going—returns.*) Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

*Story.* Ha, ha, ha!—oh, I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also. [*Exeunt Care. and Man.*]

*Tea.* Och! leave Teague alone for that; shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

*Enter* RUTH and ARABELLA.

*Arab.* Oh! his confession was like himself, noble; I dare be sworn my Captain's honest.

*Ruth.* That's more than I'll swear for my Colonel; but a good example may make him so. Were I not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! that we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches! [*fellow, Abel!*]

*Arab.* Oh! that we could contrive to poison that

*Ruth.* Hush!



*Enter MRS. DAY and ABEL.*

*Mrs. D.* Well, Arabella, I hope you have considered what is for your own good; you may be worse offered.—*Abel*, never stand shilly shally, tell her your mind.—*Ruth*, a word. *(They retire.)*

*Abel.* You see, now, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; I know how to prevail; therefore, pray say what am I to trust to, for my mother says I must not stand shilly shally?

*Arab.* You are hasty, sir.

*Abel.* Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

*Enter TEAGUE.*

*Arab.* Whom have we here? [of you ?

*Tea.* Well, now, what is your names, every one

*Ruth.* *(Aside.)* Upon my life, Arabella, 'tis the Irish servant of my Colonel.

*Arab.* Hush!

*Tea.* Well, can't some of you all say nothing, though you don't speak?

*Mrs. D.* Why, how now, sauce-box!—what, have you left your manners without? *(Takes off his hat.)* Go out, and fetch 'em.

*Tea.* What should I fetch now? [to, sirrah ?

*Mrs. D.* Do you know who you are speaking

*Tea.* By my shoul and I don't:—'Tis little my own mother thought I should ever speak to the likes of you.

*Abel.* You had better not be saucy to her honour. *(Advances towards Teague.)*

*Tea.* Her honour! and, I suppose, you are his worship. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

*Mrs. D.* Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day—What's your business?

*Tea.* Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs. Day? I'll look well first, and I'll set my face to be serious, and in form; and now, I'll tell her my message.—The good Colonel, my master, bid me ask your ladyship—*(Turns and laughs.)*—By my soul, the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me—ha, ha!—the pepper-castor!—

*Mrs. D.* Why you impudent fellow! were you sent here to abuse me?

*Abel.* Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother, Obadiah and I shall thump you.

*Tea.* *(Smiles.)* You'll do what? [honour.

*Abel.* Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her

*Tea.* Then, by my soul, I have a great mind to thump you with my hammer. *(Strikes him, Abel runs behind his mother.)*

*Mrs. D.* Why, varlet, d'ye mean to insult me?—Get out of my house, fellow.

*Tea.* Won't I give you my message, then, from my master?

*Mrs. D.* Tell your master to bring his message himself, whoever he is.

*Tea.* By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

*Mrs. D.* And not send a saucy Irish brute that can't speak a word of English.

*Tea.* An Irish brute! Is it for me that name? Why, then, the devil christen your ladyship! and your honour-ship! and kitchen-ship to boot!—Sure, that's plain English. [Exit.

*Mrs. D.* Ah! *(Screams.)* Oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted. Kitchen-ship, indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—Run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.—Outside of Day's house.

*Enter MANLY, hastily.*

*Man.* Where the devil shall I shelter? Scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturbed by bailiffs:—curse 'em! here they come!—then to my heels. [Exit.

*Enter two Bailiffs, hastily.*

*1st Bail.* That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. [Exeunt.

*Tea.* *(Without.)* Hub bub boo! Run, master!—Run, mongrels!—Run, bull!—Run, bailiffs!

*Enter TEAGUE.*

*Tea.* Oh! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you hum baily rascals! Och, by the powers, they are down! they are down! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt. Your first cousin, the devil, help you out o' that.

*Enter CARELESS, hastily.*

*Care.* Teague! have you seen Captain Manly?

*Tea.* Indeed, and I have; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

*Care.* Has he escap'd?—Then all's well:—they were as near snapping me too. *(Going.)*

*Tea.* *(Stopping him.)* Arrah, then don't go that way; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

*Care.* No—here comes another behind me; plague on 'em: they're on a full scent—What shall I do? Here is a door, and invitingly open—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad; if anything happens, here you shall find me, observe the door, do you hear?

*Tea.* Sure, I'll know it again!—I'll write my name on it.

*Care.* That, I believe, is not in thy power. [Exit.

*Tea.* Indeed, and it is: I have pen and ink in my pocket. *(Makes a great cross with chalk.)* Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again. My father spent all my estate before ever I had it; that was one cross. Then I was cross'd in love by Logan Lachlogan; that was another cross; and my life hereafter has been full of crosses ever since!

*Enter third Bailiff.*

*3d Bail.* Did you see a gentleman pass this way but now?

*Tea.* Indeed, and I did—I'll hum this fellow. *(Aside.)* He went in yonder, to the Goose and Alderman: suppose you and I have a drink together there, without offence to either!

*3d Bail.* With all my heart, if you'll stand treat.

*Tea.* Indeed, and I will.—I should have a thirteen somewhere.—*(Searching his pockets.)* By my soul, my money is like a wild colt, I must drive it up in a corner before I can catch it:—Och! I have it by the scruff o' the neck; so come along, honey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Inside of Day's house.

*Enter RUTH and OBADIAH, with writings.*

*Ruth.* Having drunk thy cordial, Obadiah, hasten about thy master's business.

*Ob.* I will, forsooth; but why wilt thou not smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with the beams of kindness?

*Ruth.* Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

*Ob.* Thou know'st not the extent of my riches.

*Ruth.* If they are equal to your charms, they are beyond my hopes.

*Ob.* Um!—why the ladies have sometimes praised the symmetry of my features.—Nor dost thou know thy own riches; nor will I tell thee, unless I make thee bone of my bone. *(Aside.)*

*Ruth.* Are these the marriage-settlements between Abel and Arabella?

*Ob.* They are, forsooth. When they are married—ha! my little merry maid—shall we—ha?—I can make thee a good jointure.

*Ruth.* Why, when they are married, perhaps we may.—Shall I ask your master's consent?

*Ob.* Not for the world.

*Ruth.* Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it.



Ob. Wilt thou?—Then I will go.

*With looks of love I do depart,  
'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.*

(*Going—Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.*)

Ruth. Oh, heavens! 'tis the Colonel! (*Aside.*) What have you done, sir? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah? (*They help him up.*)

Ob. Truly, he came forcibly upon me, and I fear he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach.

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyer's, go in again, Obadiah—Take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach; the blow has increas'd my cholic exceedingly. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. Heavens! Colonel! How came you here? Who let you in? Did you knock at the door?

Care. No, my angel; the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, sir, come in. But where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold! for love's sake, don't storm here!—Should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment, and on the wings of love fly far away.

*Enter TEAGUE, in haste: Ruth retires.*

Tea. Och! master, master, are you there then?—Sure enough you are. The good Captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is; and the rascally bum bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush! for your life—(*Apart.*)

Tea. The devil burn me if—(*Careless stops his mouth.*) Och! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then—

Care. Pr'ythee be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your livery, and give Teague his blanket! By my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble. (*Pulling off his coat.*)

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could you not say so at first? Sure I can pardon a slip. [*business?*]

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir. May I know the

Care. Why, madam, to be honest with you—

Tea. That's right now, and like yourself. (*Apart.*)

Care. Pr'ythee, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison.

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below here.

Care. For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend. (*Going.*)

Tea. (*Whispering the Col.*) If she's a house-keeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

*Enter ARABELLA.*

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy Captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? Oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon Abel, and get him to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah: wheedle him.

*Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.*

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?—Could you find in your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Important affairs kept me away from you, as Obadiah can witness—*bonâ fide.*

Ob. I can, forsooth, myself being a material party.

Care. Plague on 'em, how slow they speak! (*Aside.*)

Tea. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster! (*Hastily.*)

Arab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. It is not your *bonâ fides* shall satisfy me: I have occasion to go a little way; you and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you shall not deny me anything.

Abel. No, indeed, I ought not. Come along, Obadiah. You see how well she loves me! (*Abel leads out Arabella, and the Colonel, Ruth.*)

Tea. Give me your hand, honey, and I'll lead you. (*Leading out Obadiah.*)

SCENE III.—A Tavern.

MANLY discovered. Two Bailiffs waiting.

Man. For your lenity I thank you; if my friend does not come within this half hour, I'll attend you to prison.—Will you take another glass?

1st Bail. Why, sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? There are both.—Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—'Sdeath, Arabella too! (*Bailiffs drink.*)

*Enter CARELESS, ABEL, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH. Careless goes to Manly. They retire. Teague takes the bottle aside, with Obadiah who receives and drinks a glass slyly.*

Arab. (*To Abel.*) Nay, sir, you need not scruple; he is a kinsman of mine; you surely can't think I would let you suffer;—you that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless; besides, we can't marry if my kinsman be in prison; his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds. Much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh! if that is the case; Obadiah, it seems proper that we should set this gentleman at liberty. Tell 'em, therefore, that we will bail him.

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of his worship, Mr. Day; and I, by name Obadiah, am his honour's chief clerk.

1st Bail. We know, sir, Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1st Bail. Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am: I believe he dare not refuse my bail: it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail. [*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

Care. By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls!

Man. They have bereft me of all words. Prythee, make my acknowledgments.

Care. Miss Arabella, the Captain begs me to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater felicity than in being obliged—(*Manly pulling his coat.*)—Prythee be quiet—to the only woman on earth he would wish to be obliged to. [*obliged myself.*]

Arab. In doing what I have done, sir, I have

Man. Madam, I can only say, I love and thank you: hereafter I hope my deeds will speak more.

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have a scheme on foot: should we bring it to bear, we may, perhaps, need your assistance.

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you can, keep Obadiah here; he may else be in the way.

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cordials, but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, could'st not thou entertain Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy, or so?

Tea. Indeed and I cou'd. He'll take it down like new milk; he gave me an earnest but now: sure I can make him and myself too, drunk for the honour of Ireland.



*Man.* Then take the bottles with thee.

*Tea.* (*Takes the bottles.*) One is half full, and t'other half empty. I'll put them together, and then Master Obadiah and I will empty two bottles at once.

[*Exit.*]

*Care.* Here comes Jupiter's Mercury, the expeditious Mr. Abel.

*Ruth.* Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah.

*Arab.* So much the better for us.

*Enter ABEL.*

*Abel.* I have, according to your desire, released your kinsman. I love to be charitable sometimes : but where is Obadiah? Oba—

*Ara.* (*Stops his mouth.*) What signifies Obadiah, while I am with you? (*As angry.*) Odds my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, I beseech you. (*Abel leads her.*)

*Abel.* You may come to my wedding, if you please, sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority.

[*Exit, leading Arabella; Ruth follows.*]

*Man.* I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral.

*Care.* Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

*Man.* On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

*Care.* Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

*Man.* Ay, though she had not a shilling.

*Care.* She loves thee, that's certain: I would mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, justice Day.—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurel comes; and the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fixed about him but his eyes.

*Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, singing.*

*Man.* I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

*Tea.* Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

*Ob.* Ay, an Irish song, and more sherry.

*Tea.* Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! (*Obadiah drinks.*) Now then for an Irish song.—(*Sings.—Between each verse he lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless retire.*)

SONG.—TEAGUE.

Oh! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,  
And my own loving mother call'd me her dear joy:  
And that I was so, why she always would say—

A smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.  
O boderation! her own little boy!

But when I grew up, I was always in love,  
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy:  
So, true to ten thousand I constantly prove—

A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.  
O boderation! a fond Irish boy!

For war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,  
Oh, the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy;  
But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,  
And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing, dash-  
ing, &c. &c.

O boderation! a tight Irish boy!

(*The song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"La ral la liddy, diddy," &c.*)

*Ob.* Nice song; but I can't do these material matters.—Nice song, nice sherry. More sherry!

*Tea.* Och! faith and you shall, honey! (*Obadiah drinks.*) And since you're mindful of your mouth, pray don't neglect your nose. We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland. (*Teague holds his mull; as Obadiah tries to put his finger and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side, then to the other.*) By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his mark all on one side; here, lay it

upon your hand—there, put one of your noses to it now. (*Obadiah takes it.*) Oh! Mr. Obid will make a brave Irishman, that he will; sure you'll put this up you're t'other nose now! (*Takes it as before.*)

*Ob.* I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More sherry! Now you sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

*Tea.* Right, joy; like man and wife, we'll join English and Irish together; and the devil fire him who disturbs the harmony of such a wedding. (*They sing and dance: Obadiah tumbles down.*) Oh! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid! you are down! you are down! upon my soul, I believe he is dead.

*Care.* Dead! (*Careless and Manly advance.*)

*Tea.* Yes—dead drunk; Och! poor Obid is gone!—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland. (*Howls.*) Och! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel! Och! oh! I'll try if he's dead indeed. (*Puts the bottle to his mouth.*) The bottle is almost too small for his pretty mouth. Oh! he gulps! he gulps! like a big fish! (*Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.*)

*Care.* Oh come, the rogue's alive.

*Ob.* Ruth's a nice wench; I'll have her.

*Care.* Will you, faith? [*know better.*]

*Ob.* More sherry! She old Day's daughter! I

*Care.* Dost hear that, Manly? the rascal is leaky in his cups. [*marry her.*]

*Ob.* She's rich; I'll blow you up, old Day; I'll

*Tea.* Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet pretty bridegroom!

*Care.* Teague, here's a shilling; get a chair and carry him to his master's; and should you meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant Story's. [*Irish sedan.*]

*Tea.* Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him an

*Care.* Pr'ythee, how's that?

*Tea.* Let me just get between the poles, and I'll shew you—there. (*Teague gets between Obad. legs.*)

*Ob.* More Sherry! (*Teague draws him off by the heels.*) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Day's House.

*Enter MR. and MRS. DAY.*

*Mrs. D.* Come, despatch! despatch! I say, despatch the marriage whilst she is thus taken with our Abel.

*Mr. D.* I have sent Obadiah with the writings to the lawyer, to secure to Abel the bulk of Arabella's estates.

*Mrs. D.* Have you the other writings ready?

*Mr. D.* I have, duck, I have. They are in my chest, in the next room, with those of Ruth's. With your leave, duck, we will just look 'em over. (*Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.*)

*Enter Servant.*

*Mrs. D.* Well, what now, that you come in such haste?

*Ser.* Please your honour, your good neighbour, Zachariah Stedfast, is departing this life; and as he has made your honour his executor, he wishes to speak to you before he dies. [*leave us.*]

*Mr. D.* Odso, Odso! then the good man will

*Ser.* Yes, sir, that he will before you get there, if you are not quick. [*Exit.*]

*Mr. D.* Let us hasten then, duck; good men should not be neglected. Where is that fellow, Obadiah, to attend us?

*Mrs. D.* (*Calls aloud.*) Why, Obadiah, I say! But come, husband; never mind, come along:—we'll take Abel in his place. Hasten, man, hasten, and don't lose time. (*Pushes him, & exeunt in haste.*)

*RUTH* peeps in, and *ARABELLA* after her.

*Ruth.* Héy! what game's on foot now? The cry is up; they are all off on a full seent!

*Arab.* But now, Ruth, what is this scheme of your's?

*Ruth.* Why, I mean to tell old Day boldly, that he has imposed on us; that I know I'm not his daughter; insist upon inspecting our father's wills,



taking our affairs into our own hands, and at once act for ourselves, or get our officers to act for us.

*Arab.* Bravely resolved; but, heav'ns! what's here? (*Seeing keys, &c.*)

*Ruth.* As I live, it is Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely, and here too is his pocket-book. Now, Arabella, if thou hast any

*Arab.* For what? [*courage, now's the time.*]

*Ruth.* To fly out of Egypt; to free ourselves from roguery and bondage. If I miss it, hang me!

*Arab.* But whither shall we go?

*Ruth.* To one that was a friend of my father: he'll shelter us, fear not. Stay; do you stand centinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room. (*Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest inside, and takes out bundles of papers.*)

*Arab.* I warrant thee, make haste and fear not; should any one approach, I'll give notice. (*Noise within as opening the chest.*)

*Ruth.* I have 'em, I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels; here's both our names on 'em. Take 'em. (*They are going.*)

*TEAGUE enters with OBADIAH on his back.*

Oh! heavens!

*Tea.* Long life to you, madam; you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

*Arab. and Ruth.* Shew us to them.

*Tea.* Faith and I will. I'll just lay down this great-big bundle of iniquity. (*Lays him down.*)

*Ob.* Some small beer, good Mr. Teague?

*Tea.* The devil a drop you get of me, Mr. Obid! Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—d to you? So there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleased to make my compliments to her kitchenship! and now, ladies—(*going*)

*Ruth.* Stop, stop; we must go the back way, Mr. Teague, for fear of meeting the Days.

*Tea.* Oh! very well; come along then, ladies, and I'll follow you. [*Exeunt Teague, Arab. & Ruth.*]

*Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, and ABEL.*

*Mr. D.* Truly, he made a good end, and departed, as it were, into a sleep.

*Mrs. D.* Ah! poor man, his wife took on grievously! (*Weeps.*) I don't think she'll marry again this half-year. Oh! 'twas vastly solemn.

*Ob.* Small-beer!

*Mrs. D.* Oh Lord! What's that?

*Ob.* Small beer!

[*mercy!*]

*Mrs. D.* Obadiah! and drunk, as I hope for

*Mr. D.* Oh, fie upon't! Fie upon't! Who could have believed this? Where have you been, sirrah?

*Ob.* (*Bawling.*) Small-beer!

*Mr. D.* Oh! terrible! Shame brought within our walls. I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him. How! what! I can't feel my keys. (*Shakes his pockets.*) No, nor hear 'em jingle. Have you seen my keys, duck? (*Exceedingly alarmed.*)

*Mrs. D.* I see your keys? See a fool's head of your own. Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest?

*Mr. D.* Well, I will, duck. I will. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. D.* Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed. [*diah!*]

*Abel.* Truly he is far gone. (*Lifting him.*) Oba-

*Ob.* Some small-beer! Where's Mr. Teague?

*Re-enter Mr. DAY.* (*Abel lets Obadiah down again.*)

*Mr. D.* Oh! undone! undone! We are robb'd! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen. Thieves! Ruth! Ruth!

*Mrs. D.* (*Bawling.*) Why, Ruth, I say! Thieves! thieves! thieves!

*Enter Servant.*

Where's Ruth and Arabella?

*Ser.* I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

*Mr. D.* They have robb'd me; they have taken away the writings of their estates! Oh! undone! undone! [*Exit Servant.*]

*Mrs. D.* This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, (*Strikes Abel.*) and you, too, you provoking varlet. Will you wake? (*Pulls Obadiah's ear.*) What have you to say for yourself?

*Ob.* (*Aloud.*) Small-beer!

*Mr. D.* Let us find the girls, duck; they are the thieves, depend on't.

*Mrs. D.* Yes, and you must leave your keys to tempt 'em; why don't you raise a hue and cry? Send Abel for constables. Why don't you stir? (*Pushes Day off.*) We'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit after Day.*]

*Abel.* Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet. (*Lifts him.*) Come, there, I'll help you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Story's House.*

*Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and TEAGUE.*

*Arab.* I find Day has no longer any lawful control over me or mine, and for protection against him I

*Man.* Do, and fear not. [*confide in you.*]

*Care.* And is it possible? *Ruth* not Day's daughter, but *Anne*, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thoroughgood?

*Ruth.* 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. Story's care have clearly explain'd.

*Mrs. D.* (*Without.*) But we know they are here.

*Care.* Zounds! the enemy advances.

*Ruth.* Then let us receive the charge firmly;—Give me my ammunition, girl. (*Takes writings and pocket-book from Arabella.*) Ay, now the day breaks.

*Enter MR. and MRS. DAY and ABEL.*

*Tea.* I wish all their necks were broke!

*Mrs. D.* Ah, ah! my fine runaways, have we found you? In the hands of your fellows too! However, return what you have stolen, and both you and Arabella, and you, ungracious Ruth—

*Ruth.* No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

*Mrs. D.* Anne, indeed! and who gave you that name?

*Ruth.* My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further.

*Tea.* Och! Mrs. Mustard-pot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! (*Aside.*)

*Man.* You'll find, madam, they have stolen nothing but their own; they were *Honest Thieves*, I assure you.

*Ruth.* There, Mr. Day, are all we took of *your's*, (*Gives book and papers.*) having reclaimed our rights, and put them and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

*Mrs. D.* Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

*Care.* Softly, good Gillian Day; keep your dignity, and don't call names.

*Tea.* Oh! If you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

*Mrs. D.* I shall choak with vexation!

*Mr. D.* We had better withdraw, duck. (*Apart.*)

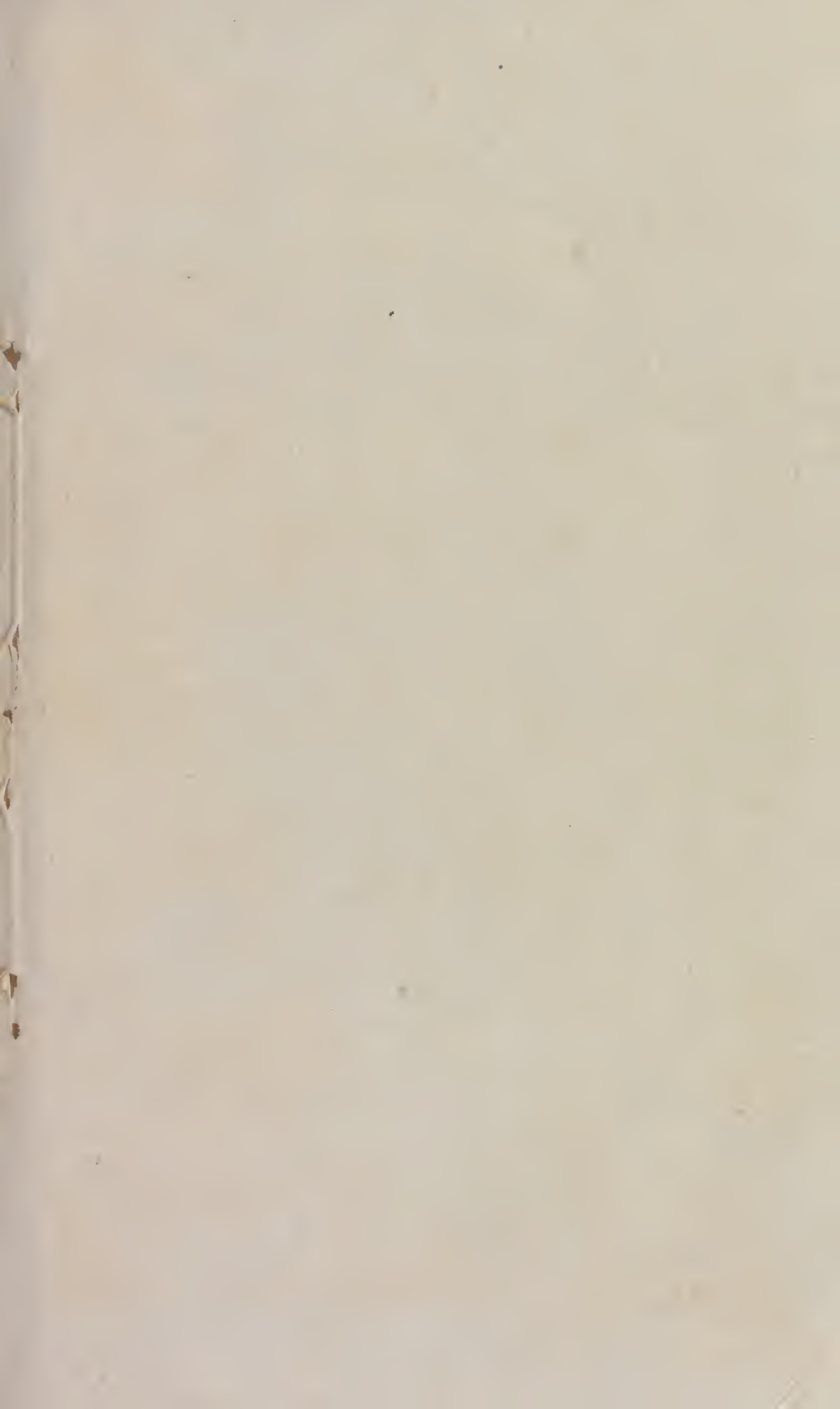
*Mrs. D.* Duck me no ducks; but get along, do! (*Pushes him off.*) Yes, and you too, Stupid the Second. (*Pushes Abel off.*) Ah! you are a precious couple! [*Exit.*]

*Tea.* Indeed, and you are a precious couple, all three of you!

*Care.* They are rightly served; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honoured us with your confidence, we will not ask more till you have proved us worthy. In the mean time, Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

*Tea.* Och! master, say no more about that: sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to poor Teague the best reward of all.







Mr. Johnson -  
Pembroke St. N. H.